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raising part of his dress, gazes with a look of astonishment on the restored limbs. In the background, the forum of Lystra, with several temples. Towards the centre is seen a statue of Mercury, in allusion to the words in the text: "And they called Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker."

As a composition this cartoon is an instance of the consummate skill with which Raphael has contrived to bring together a variety of circumstances so combined as to make the story perfectly intelligible as a passing scene, linking it at the same time with the past and the succeeding time. We have the foregone moment in the appearance of the healed cripple, and the wonder he excites; in the furious looks directed against the apostles by some of the spectators we see foreshadowed the persecution which immediately followed this act of mistaken adoration. Every part of the groupings, the figures, the head, both in drawing and expression, are wonderful, and have an infusion of the antique and classical spirit most proper to the subject. The sacrificial group of the ox, with the figure holding its head, and the man lifting the axe, was taken from a Roman bas-relief which in Raphael's time was in the Villa Medici, and the idea varied and adapted to his purpose with infinite skill. The boys piping at the altar are full of beauty, and most gracefully contrasted in character. The whole is full of movement and interest.

6. ST. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God."—Acts 17: 22, 23.

Paul, standing on some elevated steps, is preaching to the Athenians in the Areopagus; behind him are three philosophers of the different sects, the Cynic, the Epicurean, and the Platonic; beyond, a group of sophists disputing among each other. On the right are seen the half figures of Dionysius the Areopagite and the woman Damaris, of whom it is expressly said that they "believed and gave unto him." On the same side, in the background, is seen the statue of Mars, in front of a circular temple. In point of pictorial composition, this cartoon is one of the finest in the series. St. Paul, elevated above his auditors, grandly dignified in bearing, as one divinely inspired, lofty in stature and position, "stands like a tower." This figure of St. Paul has been imitated from the fresco of Masaccio in the Carmine at Florence. There Paul is represented as visiting St. Peter in prison. One arm only is raised, the forefinger pointing upward; he is speaking words of consolation to him through the grated bars of his dungeon, behind which appears the form of St. Peter. Raphael has taken the idea of the figure, raised the two arms, and given the whole an air of inspired energy wanting in the original. The persons who surround him are not to be considered a mere promiscuous assemblage of individuals; among them several figures may each be said to personify a class, and the different sects of Grecian philosophy may be easily distinguished. Here the Cynic, revolving deeply, and fabricating objections; there the Stoic, leaning on his staff, giving a steady but scornful attention, and fixed in obstinate credulity; there the disciples of Plato, not conceding a full belief, but pleased at least with the beauty of the doctrine, and listening with gratified attention. Further on is a promiscuous group of disputants, sophists,

and freethinkers, engaged in vehement discussion, but apparently more bent on exhibiting their own ingenuity than anxious to elicit truth or acknowledge conviction. At a considerable distance in the background are seen two doctors of the Jewish law. The varied groups, the fine thinking heads among the auditors, the expression of curiosity, reflection, doubt, conviction, faith, as revealed in the different countenances and attitudes, are all as fine as possible; particularly the man who has wrapped his robe around him, and appears buried in thought. "This figure also is borrowed from Masaccio. The closed eyes, which in Masaccio might be easily mistaken for sleeping, are not in the least ambiguous in the cartoon; his eyes, indeed, are closed, but they are closed with such vehemence that the agitation of a mind perplexed in the extreme is seen at the first glance. But what is most extraordinary, and I think particularly to be admired, is that the same idea is continued through the whole figure, even to the drapery, which is so closely muffled about him, that even his hands are not seen. By this happy correspondence between the expression of the countenance and the disposition of the parts, the figure appears to think from head to foot."

To be Continued.

TRANSLATED FOR THE PRESS.

BY L. R.

After six months of anxious expectation, we have at last been admitted to view the famous aquarium of the Boulevard Montmartre, where, for the small sum of two francs, we had the pleasure of gazing at forty gudgeons, in a glass globe, performing swimming feats in the most approved style. Nor is this all, for besides these forty gudgeons, that we had to pay a cent apiece for admiring, we saw a real live carp, two soles not fried, which we blamed exceedingly for exposing themselves to public view, without their accompanying condiments, three eels and a number of skates, without parsley or butter, and several lobsters, whose only fault was, not to be quite done enough.

Everything else there, was splendid, for instance, we noticed, in another globe, a small sea monster (called la pieuvre, *) hiding in the crevices of an artificial rock.

While we were at the aquarium, this wonderful being was not to be seen, it seems that some familiar friends is needed to give strangers an introduction.

Among the visitors some persons who had been to see the mechanical head at the "Music Francais," seemed to doubt the existence of this animal and affirmed that it was made of india rubber, and that its legs moved through the agency of a galvanic battery. This is not so. It is true nevertheless, that if a mechanical head can be made so as to speak, all sorts of animals might be gotten up in the same way. It is said that there exists in some out of the way place in Germany, a wooden horse, which is soon to make its appearance in Paris. This mechanical courser can outrun the Gladiator himself; it rears, it kicks, and jumps, and down goes its rider in spite of himself.

Manufacturers of automatons are wrapped in mystery, they call to mind the supernatural creations of Hoffman; we can imagine the artist living in an old house in Muremberg, hiding his works with jealous care from the eyes of the vulgar, and planning, after having completed his

* Allusion to the nondescript animal mentioned in V. Hugo's "Travailleurs de la mer."

first marvel, another one greater still; after the prancing steed, the speaking head, and after these, a man who will be sent to parties, and be able to dance the "Cancon" at the Casino "Cadet" for three francs a night.

Why should it not be? Once the ball set in motion, why should we stop? An epoch which brings forth a living human head without a body, may produce anything, and we will soon get up young men to people our deserted parlors. For ten francs per night we may be able to hire automatic waltzers, who for an extra sum of two francs will play whist with ladies of a certain or uncertain age, rather, and for twenty francs, we will have a nice young man to lead a cotillion set."

We are convinced that a day will come when the caterer who furnishes flowers, lights, etc. for parties, will also be called upon to furnish automatic guests; and this in our opinion, is the only way to restore, to our aristocratic circles, the gaiety that once distinguished them, for since our youth and nobility have taken to bad company and prefer gambling to conversation, it has become next to impossible to procure real living waltzers; and if some steps are not taken to help to rebuild our society in the Faubourg St. Germain. The chroniclers of Parisian High Life will soon find their occupation gone.

We are positive that if an enterprising tradesman were to undertake to let out mechanical guest, he would realize a fortune rapidly, and would moreover, be entitled to the blessings of innumerable party-givers.

Should this happen, all that would be necessary, when about to give a party, would be to call upon an upholsterer, and dialogues of this sort would take place.

Tradesman.—Did you send for me, madam?

Lady.—(about to give a reception) Yes, sir, I wish to give a party to-morrow, and I want you to supply me with all that is necessary.

Tr.—Well, Madam, will you please tell me how many automatons you will want?

L.—About a dozen.

Tr.—Do you think that will be enough?

L.—Yes, with my friends included, I think I can about fill my parlor.

Tr.—Well, ma'am you can make your own selection.

L.—Have you any new figures?

Tr.—Oh yes, we have some belonging to all classes of society, and we charge accordingly. For Frenchmen five francs per evening, for foreigners, a little more, and I have, among the rest an American General who was very much admired at Mme. de F's last ball.

L.—I should like him, by all means.

Tr.—I am really very sorry, but he is engaged for a whole month. I can let you have, however, a Prussian General.

L.—How much do you want an hour for him?

Tr.—That depends on his uniform. Undress, ten francs; full dress, fifteen francs; and if you want him complete, with all his decorations, I can't afford to let you have him for less than twenty-five francs per evening.

L.—Can he speak French?

Tr.—Oh! certainly, ma'am, and can relate the battle of Sadowa in all its details.

L.—Well, I'll take your Prussian General.

Tr.—Anything else ma'am, wouldn't you like a few ambassadors, I have a remarkably fine Cochin Chinese, made of india rubber, and who at the last soiree of Countess Z—— was the observed of all observers?

L.—Yes I think I heard of him.

Tr.—Well I supplied her with him and I shall keep him for you. Now, let me see? I shall send you, then, the General, the Cochin Chinese and a dozen waltzers. I must state to you, however, that I hold you responsible for any damages, for at the last ball given by Baroness D——, my best light-haired dandy danced so much that the main-spring was broken. Don't you want two or three singers?

L.—No, I think not.

Tr.—Well I shall send, at all events, a pianist. He'll help to fill up.

This is the future of Parisian Salons.—In his work entitled "Parisian Life," Gil peres exclaims with his peculiar enthusiasm: "I am determined to people the salons of the Faubourg-St-Germain." This heartfelt cry is but the echo of an absolute necessity; the salons must be reepeople, but the only resource lies in automatic guests; for it is easier to win a prize in a lottery for the benefit for the poor, than to persuade a young man in Paris to forsake, for a single evening, his beloved Nichette, to dance with the most charming young ladies of the upper circles.

I intended to speak of the aquarium of the Boulevard Montmartre.

Well, I won't.

VIOLINS.—The most celebrated makers of violins have been the Amatis, Stainer, and the two Straduaris; but few particulars have been handed down to us respecting them; nor is this surprising considering that their celebrity is owing in a great degree to time, by which alone their works have been brought to perfection.

An Amati is a phrase often in the mouths of amateurs, without their being, perhaps, aware that there were four makers of that name, viz.:—Andrew, the father; Jerome and Antony, his sons; and Nicholas, Antony's son.

The handsomest Amatis are those made by Jerome.

All these individuals, as well as the two Straduaris's, belonged to Cremona; and hence that other phrase, by which, in order to designate a violin of the first order, it is called a genuine Cremona.

Of the visible characteristics of the works of these different artists, the most prominent are these.

The Stainer violins compared with the Amatis, are high and narrow, and the box more confined, the sound holes are cut more perpendicular, and are shorter, there is also a kind of notch at the turn.

The Straduaris violins are of a larger pattern, particularly those of Antonius, the son; and have a wider box than the Amatis, and longer sound holes, which are cut at the ends very sharp and broad with a little hollow at the end which other makers cut flat.

The varnishes of the Amatis and Stainer's are yellow, as well as those of Straduaris the father; the son's varnish is red.

Of the audible characteristics, surely of the most importance, though too frequently a secondary consideration, generally speaking, the Amatis have a mild and sweet tone; the Strainers, a sharp and piercing tone; and the Straduaris's, a rich, full tone.

HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Spine'lo, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination, that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Miller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans and Catholics, climbing up and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback dressed in a light colored coat, riding towards him.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

What New York understands by music halls, is something partaking of pretty waiter-girl-ism, a jingling piano, a couple of asthmatic violins, possibly a windless horn or trombone, and bad whiskey *ad libitum*.

London sees the thing in a different light. There they have the Canterbury, celebrated not only for its vocal and instrumental performers, but having a picture gallery worth several hours study. The Oxford, famous for its chorus, in that point rivalling Her Majesty's Theatre; and the Metropolitan and Pavilion, the first in the Edgware road, the last at the top of the Haymarket, are each wonderful in their way. But beyond these is the last and newest sensation, the Alhambra a magnificent hall, fitted with all the theatrical luxury of the age, and just now startling the London world by the beauty of its ballet, and the perfection of its music. Is there not an idea in this for some of our New York enterprise?

In London they have just got through the pantomime season—when are we to have such a season here?—and we may shortly expect some startling spring novelties in the musical and dramatic way, but just now "there's nothing stirring but stagnation." Arditi has been giving Sunday concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, which have been as much of a success as Harrison's have been here.

Paris, even more than New York, must always have its lion or lioness in music or the drama, and the last speaks drolly for the taste of what claims to be the first art city of the world. It is nothing less than the Menken, who follows in the wake of Therese, Anonyma, Veullot, Rigobboche, and other questionable talent. Speaking of Therese; who, by the way, is not a bit more objectionable or vulgar than a score we have seen on the New York stage, instance Mrs. John Wood, the Worrell Sisters, etc., we see that she has been replaced—it will be remembered that she went to the south of France to recruit her health—at the Alcazar by one Mme. Suzanne Lagier. If we are to believe the press of that good city, young Paris does not like Lagier as well as Therese, but *respects* her more!

Mlle. Georges is dead. This announcement will touch old Paris, even more nearly than middle age! New York was touched by the death, a few weeks since, of their once favorite, Mary Taylor. Mlle. Georges after having reigned queen in the heart of the first Napoleon, and that of the Czar Alexander; after having fascinated the Pacha of Adrianople, the handsomest and richest man in the east of Europe, died in poverty at Passy, in a poor lodging house, dependent on charity for her burial, and unattended even by her comrades of the Theatre Francais, so many of whom she had brought out and assisted to fame. The officers of the school of Beaux Arts took charge of the funeral, and, with great good taste, respected the often expressed wish of the great actress, to be laid by the side of her old friend and fellow artist Talma, in Pere la Chaise.

For years before Mlle. Georges left the stage she had grown so immensely stout that it was with difficulty she got about, and her physical redundancy gave ample fun to the caricaturists of the capital. Droll stories are told of accidents from this cause, the drollest of which was that which happened on the night of her first appearance at the little Theatre Beaumarchais. Mlle. had been accustomed to the large stage of the

Odeon, and in the excitement of a first appearance before a new audience, missed her length—as the professional term is—and strode directly over the footlights into the orchestra, crushing under her ponderous weight, fiddlers and fiddles, horns and horn-blowers, carrying away the glass shades, and making confusion worse confounded. For a few moments the affair was serious between, the shrieks of laughter and the shrieks of terror, but Mlle., having been "set up again," insisted upon going on with the performance, advancing to the stage front, and like a queen addressing her subjects saying, "Take courage my friends, I am unhurt, and you shall not be deprived of your entertainment."

They do things in a funny way at Rome. The last comical thing being an idiosyncrasy of that respectable old gent Pius Ninth! He took into his venerable head to disapprove of a part of a scene in "La Contessa d'Egmont," then performing at the Argentine Theatre. The censor had already scissored the plot until scarce anything was left, when Pius found fault with a scene in which Mme. Salvani, *la premiere danseuse*, gives her lover a good, sound, appetizing kiss, such as ought to have pleased even the Pope himself. This he ordered stopped by the police. Mme. Salvani remonstrated that it was the telling point of the piece, and secondly that her lover was not a man, but a woman like herself, only dressed in male attire. This, in the eyes of the moral Pius, invested the thing with still more horror, he, without doubt, regarding it as a waste of material, and the command was reiterated. The next night the house was jammed, and at this critical scene, amid the wildest cheers of the Roman public, Madame violated the Papal bull, and administered a smack to her lover that might have been heard through the very walls of the Vatican. The result was that Mme. Salvani slept that night in the lock-up, where she still remains. The affair is only equalled by the famous order of the Vienna censor, some years ago, that all the ballet should wear green tights, or the order of Bomba II., before he was driven out of Naples, that all the ballet girls at the San Carlos should wear baggy Turkish trousers.

A queen without a crown is rather an anomaly, but it seems that until the other day the Queen of the Belgians did not have this useful piece of furniture in the house. But at last Her Majesty having raised the tin, her crowner (?) has sent home her head dress. *Le Nord* says that it is an elaborately beautiful work of art, composed of 40 pearls, half of them pear-shaped, and very large, 40 large diamonds, ranging from 5 to 20 carats, and 5000 small ones. It resembles a coronal of flames, weighs just half a pound, and cost more than a fashionable bonnet—we guess.

There is a warning to the frequenters of Barnum's in a curious accident that occurred the other day on the famous aquarium on the Boulevard Montmartre. At that time of day when the place was best filled, the visitors was started by a loud report, and instantly by a rush of waters, which overwhelmed a score or two who were not spry enough to get away. It proved to be the bursting of the great sea aquarium, containing 1500 gallons of water, and fish enough to feed a regiment. For a while there was a fearful scene of humans floating around with infant sharks, full-grown porpoises and gigantic eels, the first swallowing sea water and frightening their piscatorial companions from swallowing them by lusty shrieks. The water soon found its level and no lives were lost, though contusions were plenty.